

inseparable from war. Perhaps you mean something else. Perhaps you mean that I would regard the slaves, if they had a fair prospect of success, as justified in trying to recover their freedom, as the last resource, meeting arms with arms in the battle for liberty. If so, I plead guilty to the charge! I must add, as we were our Wives and our Washington and his compatriots thought not liberty only, but independence, even, worth fighting for. In the days of the struggle which you yearly commemorate, ministers preached up resistance; pulpits as well as drums sounded to arms. You lead men who did fight, and were ready to fight to the knees in blood of the white man, merely for the right to tax themselves, and have you the assurance to hold up your hands in horror at the bare idea of poor Africans, ground to the dust, doing the same to save themselves, their wives, their children, from bleeding under the brutal lash, and being sold like cattle to the highest bidder? What were the wrongs your fathers suffered from Britain, compared with the untold wrongs your slaves suffer on the same soil? Let the great Jonathan Edwards answer that question. He says: "We all dread political slavery, or subjection to the arbitrary power of a king, or of any man, not deriving their authority from the people. Yet such a state is inconceivably preferable to the slavery of the negroes. Suppose that in the late war we had been subdued by Great Britain, we should have been taxed without our consent. But these taxes would have amounted to but a small part of our property. Whereas the negroes are deprived of all their property; no part of their earnings is their own; the whole is their master's. In a conquered state we should have been at liberty to dispose of ourselves and of our property, in most cases, as we should choose. We should have been free to live in this or that town or place; in any part of the country, or to remove out of the country; to apply to this or that business; to labor or not; and, excepting a sufficiency for taxes, to dispose of the fruit of our labor to our own benefit. But the unhappy negroes in slavery can do none of these things. They must do what they are commanded, and as much as they are commanded, on pain of the lash. They must live wherever they are placed, and must confine themselves to that spot on pain of death. So that Great Britain, in her late attempt to enslave America, committed a very small crime, indeed, in comparison with the crime of those who enslave the Africans." Your great Jefferson also speaks out his mind as strongly and as truly. "One hour," said he, "of American slavery out of the whole ages of the oppression we rose against England to shake off! You would deny that; and though a violent termination to slavery is not one which any redacting and right-thinking man would wish, the system, as one of cruelty, of immorality, of robbery, and of murder, is accursed both of God and man. It is the plague-spot of your State; the plague-spot of your churches; and should it be, which God forbid, be one of violence, on the heads of those who are not straining every nerve to bring it to a speedy and bloodless termination will lie the guilt of all the fearful crimes which shall accompany its dying struggles. When these come, and the slaves are fighting for their rights, and the masters may recall the fearful words of Jefferson, "What attribute of Jehovah would allow him to take part with us?"

You sincerely represent many of us as being much more concerned for the slaves in the United States, than for the degraded and wretched in their own land. Those who know us, know that that is not true. Let me tell you that our concern extends to others besides the slaves in your country. Your informant concealed, or you have omitted in your article, all reference to your countrymen and country—its greatness, its noble missions, its network of schools, its evangelical churches; but this ungenerous treatment shall not prevent me from expressing the deep interest we feel in the prosperity and character of our country, and should it be, which God forbid, be one of violence, on the heads of those who are not straining every nerve to bring it to a speedy and bloodless termination will lie the guilt of all the fearful crimes which shall accompany its dying struggles. When these come, and the slaves are fighting for their rights, and the masters may recall the fearful words of Jefferson, "What attribute of Jehovah would allow him to take part with us?"

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The CHAIRMAN, Mr. Washburne (Rep. Me.), decided that general debate was in order.

Mr. LOVEJOY. I was about to say, when inter-

rupted, that the question presented is, whether Slavery shall be extended beyond its present limits, as that is the only question over which we have exclusive jurisdiction; but, sir, when it is proposed to extend what is termed an institution, but what is not an institution, but simply a practice, like polygamy, the question naturally arises, what is the principle, what the influences, and what the elements of this practice, and what will they prove to be, when extended, if allowed to extend? I am aware that it has been stated on this floor, that the morality of Slavery has been settled; that its ethics are no longer to be discussed; that they were settled by the stargazers of Greece, and have been reaffirmed and re-established by the stargazers of Ohio, who portrayed it in gorgeous colors, like the hues which gather around the clouds of a summer sunset. We were told that where slaveholding will pay, there slaveholding will go. Precisely upon the same principle, where robbery or piracy will pay, they will go; and where human flesh is cheaper than beaver, cannibalism will go, because it will pay. Sir, than robberies, than piracy, than polygamy, slaveholding is worse—more criminal, more injurious to man, and consequently more offensive to God. Slaveholding has been just designated as the worst of all crimes. You put every crime that is perpetrated upon men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the result of the amalgam is slaveholding. I am speaking in earnest, before God, and it is God's truth, that the violence of robbery, the blood of piracy, the brutal lusts of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of those crimes ever knew or dreamed of. Now, Mr. Chairman, the justification of Slavery is placed mainly on three grounds—the inferiority of the enslaved race, the fact of enslaving men imparts Christianity and civilization to them, and the guarantees of the Constitution. We concede, as a matter of fact, the inferiority of the race, but does it follow that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior to you? Mr. Chairman, this is to me a most abominable doctrine. It would place the weak at the mercy of the strong. The theory is, that if a man is crippled, trip him up; if he is old and weak, strike him—he can't strike back; if he is a child, deceive him. Why, sir, this doctrine of the Democrats is a very small crime, indeed, in comparison with the crime of those who enslave the Africans. Your great Jefferson also speaks out his mind as strongly and as truly. "One hour," said he, "of American slavery out of the whole ages of the oppression we rose against England to shake off! You would deny that; and though a violent termination to slavery is not one which any redacting and right-thinking man would wish, the system, as one of cruelty, of immorality, of robbery, and of murder, is accursed both of God and man. It is the plague-spot of your State; the plague-spot of your churches; and should it be, which God forbid, be one of violence, on the heads of those who are not straining every nerve to bring it to a speedy and bloodless termination will lie the guilt of all the fearful crimes which shall accompany its dying struggles. When these come, and the slaves are fighting for their rights, and the masters may recall the fearful words of Jefferson, "What attribute of Jehovah would allow him to take part with us?"

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land and incite the laboring classes there to assassinate the Quakers?

Mr. LOVEJOY—I don't desire to do that. I claim the right to discuss slavery everywhere under the stars and stripes. I claim it. I demand it.

Mr. BARNETT—We want you to assert it!

Mr. LOVEJOY—When you call us small farmers, and apply other epithets against the working people of the North, we don't harm you. If a mechanic from Pennsylvania were to go South and speak about the superiority of white labor, he would be held morally responsible. You would strip him and scourge him by the hands of a slave, and perhaps tar and feather him.

Mr. BARKSDALE—The meanest negro in the South is your superior!

Cries of "Order!" from the Republican side.

Mr. LOVEJOY, in speaking of John Brown, said he would not curse him. He would pour no execrations upon the dead John Brown. He condemned what he (Brown) did. He disapproved of his act. He believed, however, that his purpose was a good one, and his motives honest and truthful. John Brown stood head and shoulders above any man here until he was slain, and consequently more offensive to God. Slaveholding has been just designated as the worst of all crimes. You put every crime that is perpetrated upon men into a moral crucible, and dissolve and combine them all, and the result of the amalgam is slaveholding. I am speaking in earnest, before God, and it is God's truth, that the violence of robbery, the blood of piracy, the brutal lusts of polygamy, all combined and concentrated in itself, with aggravations that neither one of those crimes ever knew or dreamed of. Now, Mr. Chairman, the justification of Slavery is placed mainly on three grounds—the inferiority of the enslaved race, the fact of enslaving men imparts Christianity and civilization to them, and the guarantees of the Constitution. We concede, as a matter of fact, the inferiority of the race, but does it follow that it is right to enslave a man simply because he is inferior to you? Mr. Chairman, this is to me a most abominable doctrine. It would place the weak at the mercy of the strong. The theory is, that if a man is crippled, trip him up; if he is old and weak, strike him—he can't strike back; if he is a child, deceive him. Why, sir, this doctrine of the Democrats is a very small crime, indeed, in comparison with the crime of those who enslave the Africans. Your great Jefferson also speaks out his mind as strongly and as truly. "One hour," said he, "of American slavery out of the whole ages of the oppression we rose against England to shake off! You would deny that; and though a violent termination to slavery is not one which any redacting and right-thinking man would wish, the system, as one of cruelty, of immorality, of robbery, and of murder, is accursed both of God and man. It is the plague-spot of your State; the plague-spot of your churches; and should it be, which God forbid, be one of violence, on the heads of those who are not straining every nerve to bring it to a speedy and bloodless termination will lie the guilt of all the fearful crimes which shall accompany its dying struggles. When these come, and the slaves are fighting for their rights, and the masters may recall the fearful words of Jefferson, "What attribute of Jehovah would allow him to take part with us?"

Mr. LOVEJOY—No doubt about it.

The Committee arose, and the House adjourned.

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1860.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of New York, at the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8th and 9th, commencing each day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Independent of all religious and political organizations, and dealing impartially with them all, this Society continues to pursue its grand distinctive object, the IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL ABOLITION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, without regard to geographical boundaries, by moral instrumentalities alone—inspired by a spirit which seeks the safety, happiness and prosperity of every section of our widely-extended country, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South; as its 'treason' is embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and its 'fanaticism' in the Golden Rule. Declaring that man cannot be the property of man, it measures men, parties and institutions by this simple and unerring test, and will not yield to any compromise, or consent to any postponement of the claims of justice and humanity.

We trust it is needless to remind the members and friends of the Society, that never greater vigilance and activity demanded on their part than at the present time. The nation is just entering into another Presidential election, which will probably be unparalleled on the score of popular excitement, and which will present a powerful temptation to many to swerve from the strict line of rectitude, by lowering the Anti-Slavery standard for the sake of party success. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let us eschew all compromise and compromises, and be faithful to our rallying-cry, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

There will be no lack of able and experienced speakers at the Anniversary. [Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILIPS, Secretary.

C. G. BULLOCK, Secretary.

DEATH OF CYRUS PEIRCE.

Another good man has been removed from the earth—one of the best and purest who have ever lived to elevate their race, and to advance the interests of humanity in every direction. We allude to the death of that venerable teacher, Rev. CYRUS PEIRCE, more familiarly known amongst his numerous scholars as "Father Peirce," which took place at West Newton, on Thursday, 6th inst. The dead intelligence is communicated to us by the friend, as follows:—

WEST NEWTON, April 5, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—Father Peirce is no more! He died this afternoon, gently, after a protracted illness and great suffering. An uncompromising advocate of justice and truth, he has been, from the time your voice was heard in the columns of the Liberator, an uncompromising friend to the slave. You will remember how he was decided, when Principal of the Normal School, for accepting an office in the Anti-Slavery Society; and that he was bearer of the "Latimer Petition" for the 'old men eloquent' to present to Congress. He was Principal of the first Normal School in North America, and of the first Normal School for young ladies in the world.

For six past years, he has been connected with N. T. Allen's school, in this town. I send you a copy of his Memoir, written by Rev. Samuel J. May for Barnard's Journal of Education, the manager of which put out, and would not print, the part relating to Mr. P.'s connection with and sympathy for the anti-slavery movement!

Mr. Peirce was a man of rare tact in his profession, and successfully labored in connection with the late Hon. Horace Mann, and others, to raise the standard of education in Massachusetts. Peace to his memory!

CONGREGATIONAL FRATERNIZATION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The papers inform us that four Northern clergymen preached at Charleston, S. C., on Sunday week, the author of the South-side View of Slavery; Rev. Dr. Blagden, of the Old South Church, Boston; Rev. Dr. Todd, author of the Student's Manual, and Mr. Dr. Gardner Spring, of New York. These gentlemen, being invited as fast friends and allies of the Slave Power, can safely travel, visit or reside, as they list, in any part of the South; while the obscure young men who go as delegates from the Troy Young Men's Christian Association to the Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations shortly to be held in New Orleans, for want of such distinction, must carry "free papers," signed by the Mayor of Troy, warranting them to be free from all Northern notions about liberty and equality—free from remembrance of those in bonds as bound with them—and free from all suspicion of sympathy with the Good Samaritan.—C. K. W.

"PUT UP THY SWORD." It gives us great pleasure to be able to lay before our readers, on our last page, the very admirable Discourse delivered before Theodore Parker's Society, at the Music Hall, on Sunday, March 11th, by Dr. FERRISS, of Philadelphia, in defence of the principles of Non-Resistance. Whatever dissent any of our readers may make from its reasoning, they will all admire its spirit, and its able and gifted author of it. It will be ready for distribution as a tract in a few days.

PIRIESTLY CALUMNY.

The Koran, in a very large proportion (say nine-tenths) of its contents, consists of moral precepts and ideas unquestionably sound and just, and bearing a marked resemblance, both in form and substance, to the precepts and ideas of the Hebrew Scriptures. These two also bear a striking resemblance to each other in some of the errors and vices which they permit and enjoin; for both absolutely require circumcision; both contain injunctions directing aggressive war and wholesale slaughter against communities that never had injured the people to whom they were addressed; and both permit, and in some cases enjoin, the practice of polygamy. The Mussulmans, however, regard the Koran as the Hebrews do the Old Testament, as absolutely and infallibly inspired of God; assuming that the things there asserted are to be received as true, because asserted there, quite irrespective of conflicting evidence from other sources; and that the observances enjoined are to be considered as duties absolutely binding, because enjoined there, quite irrespective of the useless or pernicious character which progressive knowledge may reveal in them.

Let us suppose that a Mussulman, after careful examination of the customs of other nations, a comparison of them with the Mohammedan customs, and patient reflection upon the reasons of each, and the tendencies and results of each, coming to these conclusions: that since the all-wise and all-powerful Creator made man just as he wished, and therefore exactly right, he could not possibly have enjoined, as a religious duty, the cutting off and destroying a part of every man's body; that since this Creator, good and just as well as wise and powerful, made all men, one nation just as much as another, he could not possibly interfere to stir up strife between them, and set one family of his children to robbing and killing another; and that, since the practice of polygamy was shown to be pernicious by experience, keeping one half of the nation in an undeveloped and degraded condition, interfering most injuriously with the right education and best welfare of the other half, and almost annihilating that purity and intensity of genuine love which are realized only in the well-assorted union of one man with one woman for life—the all-wise Creator could not possibly have sanctioned the practice; and, moreover, that the permission or injunction of these three practices in the Koran, far from rendering them obligatory or even justifiable, after reason and fact had shown them to be pernicious, was not a good reason for their continuance at all, or a reason against their abrogation.

Let us suppose this reformer further to say, in reply to the assumption of the priests that everything in the Koran was infallibly inspired of God, that he was ready to examine any proof that should be presented upon this point, however improbable it seemed, a priori, that any written revelation of God should contradict that which God had revealed in the body, mind and soul of man. But if such examination should reveal that the Koran itself made no assumption of this sort—that its attempt to defend this hypothesis manifestly included deceptive accounts of the contents of the Koran, mingled with sophistical reasoning and direct falsehood—and, finally, that the imposition of this hypothesis upon the people as true was one chief means by which the priests gained their subsistence and retained their power—if our Mussulman examiner should maintain and promulgate these ideas, then this additional thing would be very likely to happen: the priests would denounce this reformer as a wicked and dangerous person; would represent him as the enemy of true religion; would declare him a malignant opposer of the good things, as well as the evil, in the Koran; and would stigmatize him as an infidel of a most degraded class!

Just such calumnies as these have for years been uttered, and circulated to the utmost extent of their power, by the Reverend editors of the Independent, against William Lloyd Garrison. Long since, they called him "an infidel of a most degraded class," and they have never retracted this calumny. And now, in the last issue of their paper, (5th inst.) the accustomed stigma is repeated in the following terms:—

MR. GARRISON'S INFIDELITY. We have been charged with slandering W. L. Garrison and his school when we have spoken of their attitude toward the Bible as sheer infidelity. But what is an infidel, in the common meaning of that word? One who denies that the Bible is the revealed Word of God; one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine origin and authority of the truths which they contain. Now, what says Mr. Garrison upon these points? In noticing Dr. Cheever's recent Biblical argument against slavery, the Liberator says: "Dr. Cheever has here met the pro-slavery argument drawn from the Bible with consummate logical acumen, scholarly ability and irresistible power. We commend this work to all who profess to reverence the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to depend upon any parchment whittener."

Mr. Garrison does not even profess "to reverence the Scriptures." He treats them as he would any "parchment," ancient or modern. He concedes to them no authority over his opinions or conscience. Is he not an infidel?

It is to be noted that Dr. Cheever had said, in the paper referred to, ("The Scriptures on the Guilt of Slavery")—speaking of the doctrine of the Bible concerning slaveholding—"If it be not condemned there, it is in vain that we struggle for its overthrow." And there were no light upon morality and immorality, virtue and vice, but that which comes from the Bible! As if the human mind recognized no distinction between right and wrong, and no obligation to do the one and avoid the other, before those sixty-six books were written and brought together in their present form! As if no rights of man, no rights of individual human beings against the tyranny of oppressors, had had any existence until the publication of the Bible! As if gamblers, counterfeiters of bank-notes, or the practitioners of any exclusively modern sin (if there be such) could reasonably point to the Bible and say to the editors of the Independent—"If our craft be not condemned there, it is in vain that you struggle for its overthrow!"

Mr. Garrison, in commending the general scope and purport of Dr. Cheever's book, which he did earnestly and heartily, felt bound to protest against the false and mischievous doctrine above stated; a doctrine, he observed, which finds no foundation in the Scriptures itself, but is an invention, made out of whole cloth, by certain men who get their living by the assumption that they are the authorized expounders of Scripture, and that it is the duty of the community to hear their expositions, and pay for them! This protest was made in the calm, brief and moderate terms above quoted. Yet the Independent seized the opportunity of its utterance, not only again to stigmatize Mr. Garrison as "an infidel"—an expression which its editors have sought to make equivalent, in its practical influence, to the cry of "Mad dog!"—but to insinuate the atrocious falsehood that he disbelieves the divine origin and authority of the truths which the Scriptures contain!

One marked difference between Mr. Garrison and his clerical calumniators is this. He believes, acknowledges, inculcates, and reduces to practice the truths which the Scriptures contain, holding himself undisturbed and unbound by any accompanying errors. The people who call him "an infidel" assume that the entire contents, not the truths only, of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, must be received as infallibly inspired of God, and that irrespective of direct contradiction between any different parts of them, irrespective of opposing reason and justice, and irrespective of conflicting testimony, however strong and abundant, from any or all other sources. But the Reverend gentlemen of the Independent refuse to lay this distinction before their readers! Their systematic course of policy is, first to call this earnest reformer "an infidel," and then to censure him by the deliberate lie that he disbelieves "the divine origin and authority of the truths" of the Bible!—C. K. W.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ENHURVED LADIES' EMANCIPATION SOCIETY, and Sketch of Anti-Slavery Events during the Year ending 1st March, 1860. We have read this neat little pamphlet with great interest, being especially gratified to observe the abiding faith and zeal of these Christian women of Scotland. The Report shows that they keep a vigilant eye upon Slavery and all its schemes and movements everywhere; and that wherever there is a slave, east down, defamed and oppressed, the world over, a true sympathy for that slave lives in their hearts. After referring to the state of the Coolie trade, the condition of the West Indies, and of Jamaica in particular, the Report turns its attention to the Cause in America, and treats of the Oberlin case, of William S. Bailey's sufferings in Kentucky, of the attempt in Maryland to seize Thomas Garrett of Delaware, and of the condition of the fugitives in Canada. It speaks of the shameful treatment to which Miss Hemond was subjected at the hands of the American Minister in London and of his Secretary. It dwells at more length on Dr. Cheever's position, and on the discouraging condition of the churches and great religious organizations of the United States, with one or two exceptions, which are noted. The Pierce Butler Slave Sale at Savannah, and the Daniel Webster Fugitive Case in Philadelphia, are briefly depicted; and then the Report proceeds to give a quite particular account of John Brown and the Harper's Ferry affair. "Differing, as we do, from him and his associates," the Report says, "as to the mode and wisdom of their enterprise, and regretting its bloody termination, we cannot but acknowledge the devotion and disinterestedness which characterized them all throughout." After sketching the old man's life, and the circumstances of the attack at Harper's Ferry, and the subsequent trial, the imprisonment, and the execution, they say,—"Such was the man whom the United States selected as the first traitor of the Commonwealth; for it is remarkable that he was the first execution for treason the Republic had witnessed. Of the nature of his crime, (that of seeking to confer liberty on the most oppressed of human beings,) of his sentence and its justice, the civilized world forms its judgment now, and posterity will form a yet sterner judgment hereafter." The Life of Brown by Redpath is favorably mentioned, and "the ample memoir from the pen of Mrs. Child" is anticipated with evident satisfaction.

The Report also notes the condition of the Slave Trade, the outrages perpetrated on Northern men in the Southern States, the expulsion of the free colored people from several of the Southern States, &c. It refers to the labors of the Abolitionists to obtain Personal Liberty Bills in the so-called Free States, and notices the unwearied labors of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Other topics are treated, and the Report closes with the letters of several American correspondents, and with full lists of subscriptions and donations for the year.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, 1860.—We heartily welcome this pamphlet also, as affording us the most ample proof that the spirit of the Anti-Slavery Reform does not slacken on this side the Atlantic, and that the women of Pennsylvania are true as steel to the demands of this just and righteous cause. It shows a clear, discerning eye, and a thorough understanding of the cause, its principal obstacles, and the best methods of its promotion. The history of our cause in the city of Philadelphia, during the past year, was unusually interesting, and is well, though of necessity briefly, treated in the Report.

LIFE OF JESUS. A Manual for Academic Study. By Dr. Carl Hase, Professor of Theology in the University of Jena. Translated from the German of the third and fourth improved editions, by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 245 Washington street. 1860.

The distinguishing features of this work are critical ability, a spirit of independent investigation, philosophical calmness and dignity, absence of all partisan feeling, and careful research. It has been long known and appreciated in Germany, where it has passed through several editions. The translator says—"The book avoids extremes, without trying to avoid them. It treats its subject with fearless earnestness, but the result arrived at is neither the conclusion of Strauss nor that of Hengstenberg. While the scientific object is always supreme, there is no cold indifference, but a warm heart of love throbbing beneath. Reverence for the character of Jesus is combined with a cool sifting of all the Gospel statements concerning him." Such a book may be pleasantly and profitably read.

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, Boston, have just published the following pieces of music:—

On the mountain's airy summit. Song. Music by Kucken.

The Shooting Stars. Les Etoiles Filantes. For the piano, by Alfred Quindt.

Tears. All the pleasures, all the treasures. Ballad. By Stephen Glover.

Petruchio Walz. Moreau de Salon. Composed for the piano, by W. K. Batcher.

The Lost Ship. A Ballad, on the loss of the ship of war L'Epervier. Music by S. D. S.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual Fast Day—Thursday, April 6th—was practically improved by the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society to the furtherance of the cause of the enslaved in our land, by holding three public meetings on that day in the Universalist meeting-house at Duxbury, which were attended by a very intelligent, and apparently deeply interested audience, delegations from other towns being present. Bourne Spooner, Esq., of Plymouth, President of the Society, occupied the chair. Suitable portions of Scripture were read by Mr. Garrison, of Boston, who presented the following resolutions for the consideration of the meeting:—

Whereas, Gov. Banks in his "proclamation for a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer," invites the people of the Commonwealth "to make humble confession to Almighty God of transgressions against His law, and to offer supplications for a continuance of His mercies,—that the blessings of justice and liberty may everywhere be dispensed;" therefore,

Resolved, That Gov. Banks has set a bad example of official hypocrisy, which makes the advice contained in his proclamation contemptible, by twice vetoing the action of the Legislature, abolishing annual and degrading distinctions among the citizens of the Commonwealth as pertaining to the militia laws; and thus exerting his power to prevent the blessings of justice and liberty from being everywhere dispensed in the State.

Resolved, That Congress has no constitutional power to make any odious and proscriptive distinctions between the government-creating citizens of the several States; that, while that body is authorized to organize and discipline the militia of the country, it does not belong to Congress to decide who shall be enrolled in the militia, to the unjust exclusion of any citizens; and such usurpation must be

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

FREEDOM.

Dedicated to the Martyr Brown.
BY REV. J. Z. POWERS.

Arise! strike off his chains!
Hark to the awful sound!
Our brother dies beneath the lash;
His blood cries from the ground!

Behold the oppressor's rod!
Hear the loud cries ascend!
Shall Africa's son in vain still plead
For brother and for friend?

O, no; the day shall dawn!
Night shall be overpast!
Those cries, those groans, those bitter tears
Shall cease, thank God, at last!

The bondman's Saviour dies!
His blood a holy sea;
His words of power come forth,—
The slave-man shall go free!

John Brown stands glorified!
In vestments pure and white
He passes on to God and heaven;
He conquers in the fight!

His name shall be revered,
Inscribed from age to age;
In characters of flame and light
'Tis writ on Freedom's page.

He dared to live and die
For Africa's sable race;
A glory as of God surrounds
And falls upon his face!

Amid the martyr's fires
That flash about his form,
With faith in God and love to Man,
He safe outlives the storm.

He speaks! Arise! awake!
My brethren, sleep no more,
Till freedom lives, and leaps, and glows,
And spreads from shore to shore!

'Till Ethiopia's scar-crowned race,
The children of our God,—
Shall feel their galling chains no more,
No more the oppressor's rod!

Hark! hear the battle-shout!
Awake! arise! come forth!
Let word of cheer and prayer ascend—
Thank God! there is a North!

Carlisle, Mass.

For the Liberator.

JOHN BROWN.

Enshrined in hearts will live thy name,
Waited to every clime thy fame;
Far nobler than the richest crown
Is thy reward, heroic Brown!

Thy noble deeds in future Age
Illuminate historic page;
Children unborn shall sing of thee,
Oh! gallant captain of the free!

Thy martyrdom—a beacon light
Shines forth, and urges on the fight;
Thy death, that sealed Oppression's doom,
And daylight glimmers through the gloom.

Rest thou in peace! the labor done,
Thy battles fought and victories won,
Thy memory crowned with laurel wreath,
Thy grandest conquest over Death.

No sculptured marble marks the grave,
Where sleeps the hero truly brave,
No pompous eulogy is found
Intruding on that sacred mound.

His epitaph is written,—where,
Untouched by Time, un fading, clear,
It cannot change,—in heart of man,
'The last and noblest Parian.'

JOSEPH A. HORNES.

Wakefield, (Eng.) March 7, 1860.

For the Liberator.

TO R. W. E.

On reading his exquisite lines 'To the Muse,' in the
Atlantic Monthly for March.

The Muse thou seekest, whom thou canst not find,
Her footsteps lead thee fether than the wind.
Thyself a 'Beckoner' and 'Escape' most rare,
Through the deep mazes of thy fertile mind,
Dost take us all thy rosy gifts to share,
But still thyself we reach not anywhere:
For higher yet, and farther off thou art,
As we draw near unto the chosen spot,
To find that thou hast 'a fresher start,
And where thou beckoned'st, there to gain thee not.
Thou 'mutilated Perseus,' forsooth!
In writing 'thou dost the errand miss,
Whom thou of subtlest wanderings dost accuse,
Thou hast portrayed thyself in very truth!
Still lead thou on, though we may never attain
The promised land of fair content, and true;
Enough if we may break the encumbering chain,
And haply catch, at times, a Pisgah view.

New Bedford, March 18, 1860.

D. R.

ON ELIZA LEE POLLEN-DECEASED.

To the African Race.

BY LADY BYRON.

The following lines, (says the New York Independent), which have come to us by the last Liverpool steamer, are in memory of a well-known friend of the slave. The autograph initials will be recognized as those of Lady Anna Isabella Noel Byron, the still surviving widow of the great poet.

Conscious of soul, she lives that life,
Which knows no earthly bourne,
Believing, 'e'en amidst bitter strife,
Man was made to mourn.

Beyond the cloud she saw a light,
Beyond the waves a shore;
And still with hope divinely bright
Gilt every cross she bore.

To her, the heaviest cross of all
Was that she lived a slave;
That free-born man should man enthral
From childhood to the grave!

Ye for whose rights her powers were spent,
Whose wrongs she held as sin,
Be your deep love her monument,
Her virtues shined within!

A. L. N. B.

INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the weeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like spices,
Whose wings the winds discover;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realms of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud the bolt would shiver;
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

THE LIBERATOR.

'PUT UP THY SWORD.'

A Discourse delivered before Theodore Parker's Society
at the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, March 11, 1860,
by WILLIAM H. FURNESS, Minister of the Congrega-
tional Unitarian Church in Philadelphia.

JOHN XVIII. 11.—Put up thy sword into the sheath.

My friends, I do not believe there has ever been an occasion, since the world began, when the sword might have been used with greater honor and advantage than that upon which it was thus commanded to be sheathed. If there ever were a person, whose life it was worth attempting to preserve, even at the cost of any number of common lives, it was he, who, when a band of ruffians, with a traitor at their head, had come to seize him, thus bade the friend who drew a sword in his defence, to put it back again into its sheath. So great was his wisdom, so life-giving his presence among men, that it would seem that no means should have been suffered to go unused, of saving mankind from so heavy a loss. He was, too, but in the blossom of his greatness. When, but a youth as he was, he had uttered so many inspired sayings, and, in his personal bearing, given assurance of such a man as all history cannot parallel,—what communications of truth, what a powerful influence for good, might not have been looked for from him, had his life only been prolonged, had that extraordinary nature only reached its full maturity! A life precious to the world, not one sword, but a thousand swords, should have flashed from his scabbards to protect.

And the prospect of success in defending that valuable life was by no means so desperate at the moment as would appear. The popularity of Jesus was great. His enemies did not dare to approach him with hostile intent in public and in the day-time, so high was he in favor with the masses who crowded around him, and were very attentive to hear him, whenever he showed himself among them.

And yet, beyond all computation valuable as his life was, and successful as armed resistance to his capture might have proved, he forbade a finger to be raised in his defence; he commanded back into the sheath the sword that was drawn for him. And now, we may be well assured, that if the sword was not to be drawn then, it is never to be drawn. It may stay in its sheath, and rust wholly away, or be beaten, without any ado, into a pruning-hook. It is not an instrument that befits the hand of man, or serves any human purpose.

What a blessed thing it is for the world, that the sword that was drawn on that most critical occasion was put by with no stain upon it of mortal strife; that, even for his own dear life, would Jesus give no countenance to any act of violence! Happy is I, who say, for the whole human race, for the completeness of the grandest ideal that has ever dawned upon our twilight, for the animation of every high hope, that not a drop of blood was shed in his behalf by his permission; for now stands there imperishably the Divine Fact, that the most exalted person, and the most abundantly inspired, that ever walked the earth, he whose presence here had made for every true soul a new heaven and a new earth, whose rather to die in the bloom of his years, before he had made himself understood by a single human being, to all human seeming, under the most disastrous circumstances, than to save his great life by hurting a hair of any man's head; a Fact, which, setting to every word that he uttered the seal of a sovereign sincerity, and directly addressing itself to whatever of sensibility there is in human nature, to what is magnanimous, is an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration; a Fact, which, being a Fact, is a word spoken to man in the great language of God, and containing therefore a wealth of wisdom, with which all the truth that might be articulated by a human voice in a thousand years could not approach to a comparison. So that in that one event, the death of Jesus, there is a power, which his life, however prolonged, never could have exerted.

It is not at all strange that such monstrous theological theories of the death of Christ have been proposed, representing it as an offering of Love, mighty enough to quench the flames of an Infinite wrath, and atone for the sins of the whole world! Barbarous as is this representation of it, in its logical form, its very extravagance bears witness to the profound impression which the Fact was forcible enough to make. It shows, in the wild and unregulated activity to which the imagination has been impelled by it, the power of the Fact. Whatever makes us feel deeply always stirs the imagination, and generates the most extravagant fancies. So it is, that the facts and events which touch us most nearly have given occasion to the bewildering fictions of Theology. Such dogmas as the death of Christ has been interpreted to justify and involve, never could have obtained existence, had not that fact been profoundly felt. They have been rendered credible only to an imagination so enormously excited that it could not be satisfied to accept the fact in its unexaggerated simplicity as the natural expression of a human heart, penetrated as heart never was before, with faith in the competency of Truth and the omnipotence of Love. Nevertheless, it is on this very account, because it was natural as it was unprecedented, because it was in perfect accord with simple human feelings as the flower with the root; because, in all its greatness, it was wholly within the sphere of human action and suffering, and not for any mysterious significance, such as theologians find in it, that it has fixed itself as a great primary Fact on the heart and history of the world.

Taken up and cleared from these fantastic interpretations, seen as a natural human act, prompted by a soul of unequalled generosity, it has, like all facts, which are the words of God, infinitely related, and therefore infinitely significant, a world of power in it, yet to be explored. Far are we yet from having risen to the height of its sublimity, or penetrated to the vigorous vitality of its meaning.

One of the most obvious lessons which it teaches is this, that death, the death of the greatest, of a world-deliverer, suddenly and violently occurring on the very threshold of the most beneficent activity, in the grey dawn of his career, so far from being the utter defeat which it appears, may prove a success far more decisive than a life prolonged to the uttermost could have achieved. And why? For this plain reason: because, in giving it to be seen that he, who suffers death thus prematurely, as it seems, chooses to endure any suffering rather than indict the least, it makes grandly manifest the fact, that he is complete in the highest power that we know, which is love, and which wins for him the confidence and veneration of mankind for ever—a conquest which neither any mere spoken or written truth, nor a world-bruising all over with swords and bayonets, has any power to achieve.

Here, I say, is a truth incontestable, because, in the crucifixion of Jesus, it exists as a fact; a fact, of which all the high sentiments of human nature, with which it is in harmony, as so many heavenly witnesses. What truth is there which can be more interesting to us now than this? What lesson is there which we at this hour more urgently need? It is the most important meaning which the death of Jesus has for us.

We are here, my friends, having part and place in the course of human affairs, at a juncture most momentous in the history of the world. Such is our lot. A great hour is coming, and now is, when that transcendent interest, the central soul of all human things, the cause of human liberty and progress, which was once impersonated in Jesus of Nazareth, identified with his personal being, is again incarnated, and in the sacred and bleeding flesh of the American slave, in the wall of whose agony the same heart-

searching voice is again articulated, that was heard speaking as man never spoke, centuries ago in Judea. It is not the bare fact of his personal wrongs and sufferings, though multiplied to millions of instances, and demanding, on the mere score of humanity, our instant sympathy, that invests the case of the slave with its indescribable importance, with its irresistible authority. But what gives it its commanding claim upon us is the consideration, that the gross violation of the great governing law of justice on the person of the slave is an act which our whole social power, political, commercial and religious, is deliberately organized to commit; that organization, in the origin, maintenance and working of which, we, and all that we hold dear, are implicated; that organization, to which the whole world of mankind, specially invited by the public and formal declaration of this people, have been looking for the fulfillment of the great hope of human liberty, and from whom they are now turning away with fear, indignation and shame, now that they are slowly learning to know what an imposture it is.

As this most unhappy and unrighteous condition of the American slave is thus caused, and stands thus related to all interests, sacred and secular, he stands out this hour, before all mankind, the most public person in the whole world; for in his fate, in the treatment he is thus receiving at the hands of this sworn nation of freemen, the destinies of nations are involved, and the liberties of Europe stagger and halt, bewildered and made weak, as that music of hope which went to them over the ocean, waking them to life, is drowned in the clanking of chains and the cries of the oppressed.

I am not indulging in mere figures of speech. I beseech you, do not for a moment imagine it. I am only trying to give an adequate statement to a truth, which it is of unspeakable moment that we should every soul of us appreciate. And I repeat, our oppressed brother, weak, degraded and maltreated as he is, and because he is all these, and all we all conspire to keep him so, upholding our whole social order upon his wrongs as its chief corner-stone,—he is the special representative person of the nation and the world. He represents the dearest human interests. And in like manner, precisely as the fate of Jesus of Nazareth once changed the condition of mankind, so the whole course of human history now waits upon the fortunes of the slave.

Dear friends, as every one who has eyes to see may now see, it was not only to a benevolent wisdom, blind, yet divine, but to the clearest-sighted instinct, that we owe the homage due to the highest, yet, just as Jesus, by virtue of his matchless truth, stood to the country and to the whole world, baptizing men with the Holy Ghost and with fire, with his fan in his hand, separating the chaff from the wheat, and thoroughly sweeping his floor, so now his wretched brother, the slave, stands to this country and to the age, by virtue of the mighty wrongs which we all conspire to inflict upon him, and which, for the very reason that he has no power to utter them, clothe him only the more fully with the same divine authority that invested the words of Christ, to search and try the souls of men. Is not the Fan which was once held in the strong grasp of the Lord Jesus waving mightily now in the manacled hand of the slave over the whole land, winnowing the nation as with a fiery blast, coming straight out of heaven, bearing down all human efforts to lull the divine truth? What precious grain it is separating to sow the world with, or to gather into the garner of heaven! And the air is thick with the chaff, political and ecclesiastical, which it is whirling away, and which a little while ago lay so quietly in huge heaps, undistinguishable from the finest of the wheat.

Since the slave occupies this critical position, since such vast interests are involved in his rights and wrongs, and since every event that occurs tends to fix our attention upon him, to the exclusion of every thing else, the question is forced upon us, What are we to do about him—we, especially, of the North?

To this inquiry there are still not a few who are quick and confident to reply, 'We are to let him alone; we are to do nothing.' But, unhappily, or happily, that is impossible, absolutely impossible. I am free to confess, that, for myself, there is not any thing which I would be so glad to do in regard to this trying subject as just that: Nothing. But that is the thing which, of all things, I repeat, cannot possibly be done. What! cannot a man fold his arms, and hold his tongue, and shut his eyes, and turn his back, and stand perfectly still? Hardly, if he have a spark of humanity in him. It is about as easy as to hold one's breath for any length of time, or to stop one's pulse. And yet, I believe there have been men who were able to do this last; men who had the power of voluntarily suspending all perceptible signs of animation for an extraordinary length of time,—some months! I think I have read of such cases. So also, there are those, not a few, men, too, that labor apparently under no organic defect in regard to a heart, who seem to possess a superpower of suspending all signs of moral life, of suppressing every pulse of human sympathy, and remaining wholly unmoved in the presence of the most flagrant oppression. How they do it, I do not know. But they do it, and become as dead men to the claims of humanity. I think there must be some black art practised, some charm employed, more potent than ether or chloroform, made out of cotton or of gold. Gold has occult powers of mighty energy. We have the high authority of Paracelsus for the homeopathic faith, that a minute quantity of this metal will give to five hundred thousand times its weight of water a bright ruby color, and man is made of water chiefly, they say. So there is some knowing what organic changes gold may not accomplish in man and account for.

But, be this as it may, let it be that at this time, when oppression numbers its victims by millions steadily increasing, and is demanding to be recognized as a God-ordained institution, and every whisper against it to be hushed,—let it be, that it is perfectly easy to stand still, and hold one's peace, and ignore the whole thing. But this, friends, is not doing nothing. On the contrary, this standing still and keeping silent,—why, it is equivalent to doing every thing, every thing, to favor the great iniquity. I do not know what more effectual thing any man can do to strengthen and extend the power and misery of wrong, than just this: to keep his eyes, ears and mouth shut. It is the very thing: it is all that the upholder of wrong ask for. It is all, at least, that we would just keep quiet; which modest request there were a great many people only too willing to comply with, if only the Slave Power would itself have kept quiet. But as that could not be, as, by the very necessity of its nature, it had to commit more and more flagrant outrages, silence and quiet have grown more and more difficult. So that now, naturally enough, something more than the negative countenance of silence is demanded; and the menace is that, if we dare to open our lips, except to admit the constitutional right and Christian duty of man to hold his fellow-man as property, we do it at the risk of being mobbed and outlawed. For this monstrous and Heaven-defying despotism, and for the outrageous lengths to which it is now pushing its demands, we are indebted to the do-nothing method of dealing with it. It has all come from that, from letting the evil thing alone,—alone to grow, of course, unchecked. It is the standing still, and keeping silent, which this nation practised so thoroughly for half a century that we actually forgot that there was a human being on our soil that was not free, when there were actually millions in that miserable plight,—it was this closing of the eyes to slavery, until we lost sight of its existence, that has enabled oppression to extend wide its

branches, and strike deep its roots, and diffuse the death-distilling influence which has paralyzed the conscience and the Religion of the land, and so deadened our ordinary human sensibility that we can hardly distinguish bitter from sweet.

No, my friends, it is not possible in this matter to do nothing. God help us! we cannot be neutral. What passes for neutrality is but another name for downright interference and meddling with human rights, with the rights of property, and especially with that right of property which every man has to own himself, and which is the foundation of all rights of property. It is the neutrality, which has been pretended, that has fed oppression with victims by the hecatomb, and has generated and deepened the black clouds that threaten to hide forever the beacon light of Hope which has been kindled on this continent. As we cannot be neutral, as we must do something, what are we to do?

This question, which has been steadily coming home to us now for some years with increasing weight, in one shape or another, has recently been pressed upon us with sudden and great urgency, by events which, fresh as they are in all minds, and still profoundly agitating the nation at large, there is no need that I should detail more particularly than to say, that they compose the incidents of an attempt to answer the great question in a certain way, namely, by resorting to a certain degree of physical force, in order to the deliverance of the oppressed; an attempt, the sin of which, as its leader declared, (and upon his word all who knew him rely,) was, with the utmost humanity possible, with a careful avoidance of all personal injury to the master, save in self-defence, to provide a way of escape for the slave, and to arm him against recapture on his way to the mountains, or to a free soil beyond the borders of our slave soil; an attempt, undertaken not without the hope that in Virginia, as in Missouri, it might be carried out 'without the snapping of a gun.' Such was the object of John Brown, a man of such impressive truthfulness and dignity of character that the light of his high personal qualities broke at once through the blinding mists of rage and terror that gathered round him upon the very threshold of his enterprise, and commanded the respect and admiration of those who overpowered him, and dragged him to the scaffold. Considered, therefore, in its intention, this enterprise was not an express and formal attempt to solve our great problem by asserting the right of insurrection. It was not designed to stir up the slaves to a murderous assault upon the persons and families of their masters. So it may be affirmed that no man in the North, no anti-slavery man, certainly, not even John Brown himself, ever contemplated instigating the oppressed to rise upon their oppressors, and put them to the sword. All that he sought was to assist the slaves to escape from the house of bondage, and to provide them with arms to defend themselves from being retaken.

I do not imagine there is a man among us so destitute of common sense and humanity as to think of inciting the slaves to acts of vengeance and murder. No friend of the black race can regard such a thought with any feeling but of horror. Why, the first intimation of the existence of such a purpose would be a signal for the instant outbreak of a war of extermination upon that unhappy people. It has been thought that it would help certain party and political purposes to charge certain persons at the North with this bloody design. But of those who made this charge, I do not suppose that any believed it, but those who were bereft of their senses by rage and terror. It is not in the people of the North to entertain any such murderous idea. Indeed, so utterly incapable do I hold them to be of any such savage intent, that I can hardly bear to seem to be defending them against the charge.

But it is needful to say what I am saying: we must expect this charge to be made, we must reconcile ourselves to the humiliation of uttering our protest against being accused of these bloody designs, as long as we avow, as the great mass of the people all over the North, all over the South, yes, and all over the world, do avow, the lawfulness, under any circumstances, of resorting to brute force, of drawing the death-dealing sword for God and for man. So long as we maintain the right to shoot and stab to right any wrong, we are fairly open to the suspicion of being ready and willing to shoot and stab to any extent; not only because we are extremely liable to confound our passions with our principles, and to persuade ourselves that we are striking for God and for the right, when we are only gratifying our anger or our revenge, but because, the right to use violence in any case being maintained, as a principle, we do virtually stand upon the ground of its lawfulness in all cases. It is a principle upon which no restriction can be put, for it is an assertion to be the dictate of self-defence, and uses not merely a shield, but a sword, and a sword not merely to ward off, but to strike. The distinction is made, I know, between the offensive and the defensive. The line that divides these two seems to be very easily and broadly drawn, but it is very sensitive, and sways to and fro with the slightest breath of human emotion, and may at any moment be obliterated by the surges of passion. What act of war is there so bloody and inhuman that it has not been justified at the moment, and afterwards, upon the ground that it was rendered necessary for the self-protection of somebody?

So long, therefore, as we assert the right to use the sword upon any occasion, we lay ourselves open to the charge of being ready to use it needlessly, because we are, in fact, liable to use it so; because, when we are aggressive in defence, it is impossible to distinguish aggression from defence. Why, the bare physical exertion required to render a blow effective carries a heat in the blood, and the hot blood goes to the brain, and when the mind is heated, the ordinary effect of heat follows. The thoughts and images that rise in the mind are dilated; trifles are magnified into grave offences; the wild suggestions of an inflamed fancy are taken for self-evident facts, and then all the curls of Reason and Humanity are consumed in the heat, and the passions rush all abroad to the work of blood and rapine, like so many demons let loose from the abodes of darkness.

So plainly true is all this, that while I heartily honor John Brown for his generous purpose and for his heroic courage, while I freely allow that wherein he was wrong he had this excuse, that he was justified by the public sentiment of the world, which recognized the sword as the lawful instrument of Justice and Liberty, I nevertheless see, that in resorting to force, in drawing the sword for the slave, he was wrong, and that the means which he employed tended to hurt the cause which it was in his great desire to serve. With all his care so to organize the enterprise which he undertook in behalf of the slave as to keep it strictly within the bounds of humanity and self-defence which he resolved to observe, he was unable, even on the threshold of his attempt, to prevent a shedding of blood, a sacrifice of life, which his purpose and his method did not contemplate, and which aroused against him and his little company a ferocity so savage that it wreaked its fury even upon the dead bodies of those of his friends who fell at Harper's Ferry. Wise and self-possessed as he was, and with all his experience of the barbarity of the Slave Power, and because, as I believe, he was full of the blessed idea of restoring to the oppressed the sacred rights of which they were robbed, he appears to have lost all foresight of the cruelty and bloodshed which would inevitably flow from the frenzy of fear and wrath that the first flash of his drawn sword would certainly kindle in those against whom it was drawn. He did not take into account the undeviating law, that violence produces violence, and that the force, which he intended to employ very guardedly, and under the steady restraint of a watchful humanity, would look, in the eyes of those against whom it was directed,

like nothing but what it was, pure, untempered brute force, and so would be sure to arouse a force in them which would regard no restraints. Had he been successful in his first enterprise, had every thing gone as he intended, and a refuge been obtained in the mountains, it would have told fearfully upon the black race, whose blood all over the South would, I believe, have run like water, and whose chains would instantly have been trebled in weight; while at the North, all who sympathize with them would have been the objects of a far fiercer persecution than they have yet dreamed of. I know that the slave has friends here, whose fidelity no persecution, however violent, can shake, but only confirm. I believe, too, that they are prepared for every trial that an uncompromising adherence to the Right may involve. Only the more earnestly to be desired is it, that no unnecessary occasion should be given to the spirit of persecution, that no needless obstacles should be thrown in the way of the great and holy cause of Abolition. It is not worth while that the difficulties with which it has to contend should be aggravated by the employment of methods of serving it, which, to say the least, are questionable, and which many of its most faithful friends consider positively and upon principle wrong.

That such consequences as I have mentioned would have resulted from the success of John Brown's attempt, we may see plainly enough from what has actually followed upon its failure. In some of the slave States, it is seriously proposed, as you know, either to drive out of them all free persons of African blood, or to reduce them to the abject condition of slaves. In Kentucky, a company of white people, resembling the primitive Christians in their blameless and devout lives, have been driven into exile, for no reason but because they had pity on the enslaved, and held oppression to be sinful before God. In the city where I dwell, persons, from whose education and position better things were to be expected, have publicly counselled the violent suppression of the most precious principle of our American institutions, Free Speech; counsel which only the commendable firmness of our civil authorities prevented from being carried into effect with blood and fire. And all over the South, every Northern stranger is narrowly watched, and many have been brutally treated and driven away, and a reign of terror inaugurated, under which the bloody law of the Suspect, without needing to be enacted, is going into full operation.

These things are the inevitable consequences of the intrusion of the drawn sword into the great conflict, and they show what far more bloody results would have come, not to the free white people of the South, not to the slaveholders, but to the slaves and their well-wishers, had not the sword that was drawn been instantly driven back into the sheath.

The recent attempt, therefore, which is stirring the heart of the country, 'educating the nation,' as Wendell Phillips loves to say, teaches us very pointedly what we are not to do for our enslaved brother. Most solemnly do I repeat the command of Jesus to his rash and ardent friend: 'PUT UP THY SWORD INTO THE SHEATH.'

The sword can only wound and kill the body, and upon the mind it can have no effect, but to madden it with rage or drive it with terror; so, so far from confining the understanding, or strengthening the sense of justice, or breathing into men the spirit of repentance and humanity, closing both heart and understanding against the Truth. Every body knows this. Every body knows that a blow is not an argument, that stabbing and shooting prove nothing, that physical force displaces the greater force of Truth. The force of Truth, on the other hand, living in a man, sounding in his voice, beaming from his countenance, expressed in his whole person,—that it is that goes to the heart, straight to the heart. No cannon ball goes swifter. The shield which the advocates of wrong hide behind to escape it, the fortifications which they throw up to keep it out, and all the extreme measures to which they have recourse to defend themselves against it, the depths of absurdity into which they plunge to get out of its range,—they do not all betray the fact that the truth is felt and feared? When, some thirty years ago, in the city of Boston, a solitary voice was uplifted, publishing the truth, that to hold a man as a slave is a sin before God, and, as such, must be forsaken without a moment's delay, and the State of Georgia at the other end of the country set a price of five thousand dollars on the head of him who dared to publish this truth, the proof was decisive that the great wrong was in the heart.

The force of Truth is indeed so great, that when men will not, through its arguments and persuasions, forsake their falsehoods, it compels them to act out the evil that is in them, and which refuses to yield to any gentler treatment, and so they get a taste of its quality in the ridicule and shame which they incur, and the shattering collision with facts into which they rush. This way which Truth takes with the refractory is a violent, and oftentimes a bloody process; for the devil, which she stirs and arouses and dislodges, rend and tear their victims, and make them mischievous to others as well as to themselves. Nevertheless, the world is greatly obliged to the Truth, whenever she renders it this valuable service. But because her faithful words are often followed by riot and bloodshed, as quickly as if they were so many pistol shots, there are not a few who see no difference between the sword of steel and the sword of Truth, and hold it just as disorderly to employ the one as the other; and for their part, they protest they would as lief be struck by the hand as by the tongue. Perhaps they would, so far as the mere pain is concerned. But there is all the difference in the world between the wounds inflicted on the body by muskets and sabres, and the inflammation of the mind caused by the word-wounding shafts of Truth. The wounds of the body are positive injuries, disfiguring, and disabling perhaps to the extent of destroying life, and who shall tell the worth of that? The wounds made by the sword of the Spirit, when that sword is wielded in love, without heat or malice, however much they may irritate, and notwithstanding the violent passions they may occasion, tend to heal and make sound the whole man. The fits of profane wrath into which men are thrown by the Truth, are often signs of quite an advanced state of grace. Paul set out from Jerusalem, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the Christians, but before he reached Damascus, he was a Christian himself, of the first order.

Therefore, because the Truth is so great, let the sword be put back into the sheath. We need something stronger than that, and Truth is as much more effectual than any brute force, as the last most deadly invention of modern military science is than the war-club of a New Zealander.

As I see the immeasurable superiority of intellectual and moral power over all the revolvers and rifles and artillery that ever have been or ever will be devised, as I hold this superiority of the power of the mind over the force of the body to be as true as the shining of the sun there in the heavens, I believe that unless men lose their senses, and are bereft of the common faculties of discernment, they must, sooner or later, recognize this truth; recognize it, too, so clearly, that they will be at a loss to conceive how men, laying claim to any civilization, could ever have been so absurd as to undertake to fight against evil with physical force, when the invincible sword of the Spirit is always within reach. If men are for ever incapable of apprehending this truth, how will it help the matter to hack them in pieces with the sword, or blow them into atoms with gunpowder?

But another reason why I confidently believe that men will come by and by to see this very valuable truth as clearly as they see the light of day, is, that to wield the sword of the Spirit requires that quality, in the highest degree, than which there is nothing that

so fascinates us all, men and women, weak and strong, wise and simple: Personal Courage. It is this one quality, and only this, that reconciles mankind, after age, to the brutal absurdity of war. Because the use of the sword indicates personal courage, we acquire in this irrational method of serving the cause of Liberty and Right; nay, we magnify the heroic achievements, and warriors are the world's heroes and saints. But there is a far higher courage, there is a far more daring spirit than his who knows how to fight. There is a braver than he. It is the man who knows how to die; who, never thinking to himself, 'I shall be killed,' but who, in the hour of his death, is ready, prepared to suffer violence, but never to consent to it; who, in a word, is so brave that he holds it cowardly to draw the sword. Is not such a spirit possible? The profession of non-resistance to force by force, I am aware, looks suspicious,—the pretext, it may be, of the timid, of those who dare not confront a drawn sword, or a loaded revolver. If it be only this, it deserves and must inspire only contempt. But, rare as it is,—the exalted valor of which I speak,—it is not impossible. Men and women, under the inspiring influence of conscious right, have manifested it, over and over again. The late Isaac T. Hopper gave us some relic of its quality, who, when a kidnapper leveled a pistol at his heart, threatening to shoot him if he advanced a step, quietly replied to the threat: 'I am ashamed of thee,—there's too old,—there's too long to know better,' and moved on. Captivated, as we all are, by exhibitions of personal daring, this highest form of courage, the valor that flings away the sword, must take the heart of the world, and triumphing over the imagination, enlisting all the fine arts in its service, Painting, Poetry and Music, will level every stronghold of iniquity, though it bristle all around with artillery loaded to the mouth.

It is because of this grander courage, because there is a surer method for the abolition of wrong than the method of the sword, I reply to the question,—What are we to do for the slave?—we are not to draw the sword, or when it has been rashly and unwisely drawn, as it was by Peter in the Garden, as it has been by John Brown at Harper's Ferry, it must be put back into the sheath, to remain there for ever, sustained by a single drop of human blood.

It is true, as your minister, faithful and well-loved, has said, all the great teachers of Humanity have been written in blood; and therefore he justifies the shedding of blood. It is because they were written in blood, blood shed for their champions, that they have so often proved to be a dead letter; because they have sanctioned the bloody retirement of the sword, the dear cause of man's deliverance has to be sought for over and over again. Revolutions effected by force always end, sooner or later, in reestablishing the tyranny they undertook to overthrow. And our boasted American Revolution is no exception to this rule, but an impressive instance of it.

It is high time that the savage attempt to convert men by killing them, by wholesale murder, should come to a full end. The time and the country in which we live, with all the uproar with which they are ringing, furnish a grand opportunity to sacred for the Truth with the Truth, in the sacred right of Free Speech, of which, struck down, as it now is, at the South, and threatened at the North, I will have faith that the people of the Free States will not consent to be deprived. Of this right we cannot indeed be deprived, without our consent, although we may be forced to pay a price for the exercise of it. But there is no price, not even life itself, that is not cheap in comparison with this more than royal prerogative. Only the grander will be the opportunity of serving Truth and Freedom by suffering for them, by showing how highly they are to be prized, allowing no blood to be shed, no lives to be sacrificed for them, but our own. They are what that sacrifice, a thousand times over. What is it held sweet and honorable to a proverb to die for one's native land, and shall it not be far sweeter and more honorable to die for that which is the renown of all lands, the desire of all nations? To be willing to leave from life, rather than take the life of the meanest human being that breathes,—this is the highest service to the God of Truth and Love which any man can render. This is God-like. This is being made perfect in love. Greater love hath no man than to lay down one's life for his friends and his foes.

Thus serving God and man by a self-surrender, which knows no reserve or stipulation, we shall not, by any means, relinquish, we shall assert, and most faithfully exercise, the first Sacred Right of Nature, THE RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENCE; only we do not consider the faint breath of our nostrils, the frail life of the body, subject to many pains, lasting only a few uncertain years,—we do not mistake this shadow for our very self, to defend which we are to cut and thrust and shoot in all directions, and cause human blood to flow in torrents. But the life that we are to guard from every wound and every stain is the life of the sacred, Heaven-descended mind. That is not dear self. To defend that, to preserve it free and pure, free from the bondage of fear, pure from every injurious thought, we must be ready, at any moment, to let the life of the body go, with perfect composure, having, in the consciousness of a deeper life than that, an intuitive conviction that thus to lose one's life is to find it forever. It was when John Brown, as he himself said, and he was left with only the sword of the Spirit, that he had a new experience of a higher power than the force of arms. When he was a prisoner, and doomed to death, when he went to the scaffold, with the serenity of the fine country around him, and as he was well as in his victory. Then that he was robbed and crowned with glory. Then shone forth the heroic quality of the man, brighter than any diadem. Then friend and foe were alike touched with his nobleness, and a right loyal cord of admiring sympathy went through the world.

One word, and I will detain you no longer. I have endeavored, my friends, to give some expression to my deep conviction of a vital principle of the Gospel of Peace and Truth, a principle which, so long as it continues an abstraction, the despotic wrongs under which the world writhes may be subverted, but only to reappear in forms just as terrible. I believe in it, I trust, and in its power to subvert the world, which it has not the slightest hesitation,—I have been glad to utter my faith freely here. For how else, but by a difference, could I better testify the honor and the love in which I hold the devoted minister of